THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Curtis, a young American who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish War, joins a fillbustering expedition to Crete. The little tessel is wrecked, but Curtis, accompanied by Lieut. Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, Michali, reach the Island safely. They arrive at a village and are cared for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin. He is nursed by Panayota, the priest's daughter. In a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town. The Cretans gather in the pass, the men fighting and the women and girls keeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are killed, but Michali is badly wounded and Panayota is captured by Kostakes. The Cretans retreat to the sea. Kostakes plunders the town, taking the old priest and Panayota along as prisoners. Curtis, representing himself as a newspaper correspondent, also accompanies the Turks. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVI.

It did not require a trained eye to see that the Greeks had defended themselves stubbornly and had inflicted much more injury than they had suffered. Curtis counted twenty-five dead Turks in the defile. The continual dread that his horse should step on them kept him in a tate of nervousness. But the animal evidently was possessed of as keen sensibilities as his temporary master, for he avoided the corpses with the most patent aversion. At a turn in the most patent aversion. At a turn in the most patent aversion are aversion as a turn in the most patent aversion. At a turn in the most patent aversion are aversion as a turn in the most patent aversion. At a turn in the most patent aversion are aversion as a turn in the most patent aversion are aversion. the pass, behind a jutting rock, lay two Turks. Curtis fancled this must have been the place where Michali had received his wound. It was evident that a well-organized and desperate stand had been made here, because the narrowest part of the pass only a few yards distant lay seven Turks in a heap. Glancing back at the two dead Greeks, under the impression that he recognized one of them, the gusting. The priest, lingering and leaning ward his slain compatriots, was making the sign of the cross with solemn gestures, while he cried in tones sorrowful and defiant. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever loveth and believ-

eth in me shall never die." Panayota, her glorious eyes streaming with tears, both her white hands clasped to her bosom, was looking to heaven and silently praying. Curtis felt his soul uplifted. The narrow walls of the ravine changed to the dim aisle of the cathedral; he seemed to hear a grand organ pealing forth a funeral march; he closed

Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy

When he opened his eyes he found himself in hell. Two or three Turks, grinning with diabolical hate and derision, were spitting at the dead Cretans. The soldier immediately behind Papas-Malecko was jabbing him in the back viciously with the butt of his musket, while another touched him playfully between the shoulders with the point of a bayonet. The priest shrunk from the steel with a gasp of pain, but turned back as he stumbled along chanting:

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord, amen." A little further on they came upon a sight of the seven peasant girls who had leaped over the cliff. Four lay together in a heap. Of the remaining three, one had fallen face down upon a rock, and her long hair shaken loose rippled earthward from the white nape of her neck. Another was sleeping the last sleep peacefully, her head upon her outstretched arm, a smile upon her lips; and still a third lay upon her back. This one seemed to have suffered, for there was a look of terror in her staring eves and a stream of scarlet blood had congealed upon the ashen cheek. Again the priest

"I am the resurrection and the life," but the solemn chant was this time interrupted by a shrick from Panayota. Curtis, who had resolutely turned his face from the scene of fascinating horror, looked quickly back at the sound. A slender young girl had risen upon her elbow from the heap of four, and was stretchng her hand imploringly toward the priest hand was brown and chubby, but the arm m which the flowing sleeve had slipped away was very white and shapely. She was dying even then, but the blessed words of her other's faith and her mother's tongue had ced her swooning ears, and she had paused benediction. A Turkish soldier thrust her through the neck with his bayonet, and her head dropped upon the bosom of a dead fellow. But this is barbarous," cried Curtis. "The I say, uncivilized—you an officer? A gentle

"But monsieur is too violent and hasty, replied Kostakes. "Irregularities happen in all armies. The man shall be punished."

'If he is to be shot," said the American, "please out me in the firing squad! I'd like nothing tte: than to put a hole through that vermin. Emerging from the pass, they came to a steep, wooded ravine, and their path led through an aisle of tall pine trees. The feet of the soldiers made no noise on the carpet of fallen spines. They found four more dead Turks and picked up two that were wounded. After about an hour of forced marching the ravine spread out in to a beautiful sunlit valley, where-

crueities of the only oppressors worse than the Turk—the haughty, treacherous and inhuman Venetians; they climbed a flight of stepe cut in the natural rock and followed a street paved with cobblestones from the walls of partly ruined houses to the village square.

Here the men stacked arms and dispersed among the houses, looking for temporary quarters. Curtic could not help admiring the soldierly way in which everything was done. In ten minutes after their arrival the square looked like a little Indian village filled with wigwams of muskets, and sentries were pacing patiently up and down at all possible places of approach. This was evidently a town of considerable importance, as some of the houses facing the square were two storied, and in one or two instances the projecting boams supporting the balconies were of carved marble. The fountain, too, that stood ben with a dishevelled willow, whose roots drank at the overflowing waters, was of marble.

Panayota and her father were led to a respectable looking stone house facing the fountain and two sentries stationed before the door.

"Ah, well," said Kostakes amiably to Curtis, "we shall be quite comfortable here, eh? Will you do me the honor to dine with me?"

"I shall be delighted," replied the American. "It is I who shall receive the honor.

"No, no! I protest, monsieur. It's quite the other way. We'll have a table set here under this tree. Ah, we shall be quite cosey. Voilal I shall be able to ofer you some fresh cheese. If there's anything left, trust to my men for finding it!"

A soldier was dragging a stuffed goatskin from the door of a grocery. At a sign from Kostakes he set it on end and ripped open the top with his knife, disclosing the snowy contents.

"Voila, monsieur! And no doubt we shall be able to find you some excellent wine, though

A solder was dragging a stuffed goatskin from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery. At a sign from the door of a grocery and the third that the growth is knife, disclosing the snowy convolved the state of the sign of th

possession of him. He seized the leg tightly with his hands above the knee and sank upon the edge of the water busin.

"I—I believe it's worse!" he groaned.

"Allah forbid!" cried the Turk. "It is from the long ride. When you have rested it will be better. Now, let us wash and eat something—a soldier's frugal mea!

Curtis attacked the repast with the zest of a ravenous appetite. The salt cheese, the brown bread and the country wine seemed to him viands fit for the gods. The orderly brought several heads or long I talian lettuce, which he washed at the fountain and cut lengthwise. They ate it like asparagus or celery, dipping it in salt. The American thought it delicious, and rightly. He would never again be able to relish the pale, tasteless chips sold in America for lottuce at brigand prices. Panayota and her father were also eating.

"Sensible girl," thought Curtis; "means to keep her strength up. We'll outwit these Turks yet."

He touched glasses with Kostakes, who was disposed to be convivial, albeit in water.

"Do you know, Monsieur le Capitaine," he said, "I cannot decide which is the greater sensation—the pleasure of eating or the pain of my foot. Do you think, if blood poisoning should set in, you have anybody here who could amputate it?"

"Now, Allah forbid!" cried the Turk again. "By day atter to-morrow we shall reach a Mahometan village, and we shall find a doctor."

Curtis shared the quarters of his amiable host; Kostakes Effendi, in the front room of the grocery. Panayota and her father slept next door. The American's bed consisted of blankets laid upon two tables, placed side by side. As the blankets had been prodigally bestowed he found the couch sufficiently comfortable. He lay on his back with his arms under his head, gazing out into the moonlit square. Despite the fatigue and excitement under his head, gazing out into the moonlit square. Despite the fatigue and excitement of the day he was not the least particle sleepy. The Cretan night was too intense. The moonlight, wherever it fell, was passionately white, and the shadows of things were as black and distinct as though sketched in charcoal. Rows of soldiers wrapped in their blankets were sleeping in the square. Occasionally one sat up, looked about and then lay down again. Once, when he was about to drowse off, he was roused to consciousness by a faint mewing overhead, and called softly:

"Kitty! Kitty!"

The mewing ceased, for Oriental cats are stramoned by means of a whistle between the testh, similar to the sound made by a peanut roaster.

reaster.

That's the grocer's cat," mused Curtis.

Poor animal, she doesn't know what's happened. She was asking me as plain as day,
Do you know where my folks are? Now, the
dog probably went with the old man, but cats
are different—the cat and the mortrage stick to
the old homestead. I must make a note of
that. Let's see. How do the Greeks call
their felines? Pa-whs-whs! That's it. Ps-whswhs!"

their remess.

A scrambling overhead, and a bolder "meouw!"
A scrambling overhead, and a bolder "meouw!"
awarded the effort. Pussy was between the
tile roof and a covering of reeds that, nailed
to the ratters, answered the purpose of lath

and plaster.

"Ps-whs-whs:"

"Meouw!" still more confidently, and the sound of cautious feet on dry reeds. Kostakes sat up on his table and rubbed his eyes.

"Are you awake, too, monsieur?"

"Meouw!" said pussy again.

"Ah, the cat keeps you awake. If I were a Greek, now, I should order it killed, but we Turks are very merciful. I will order the sentry to drive it away."

"No, no, I beg of you. I was holding a little conversation with it. I cannot sleep, my leg pains me so. I fear that gangrene is setting in."

saw Kostakes she stretched her arms toward in mand cried:

"Don't let them kill my father. Bring him hack to me, please, please."

"Why, certainly, my own Panayota. You know that I would not harm you or any one beinging to you. But where is your father?"

"On't let them kill my father by your father?"

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"On't let them kill my father by your father?"

"On't let them kill my father by your father?"

"On't let them kill my father by father by your father?"

"On't let them kill my or of one buck. I tell would not harm you or any one beinging to you. But where is your father?"

"On't let them kill my father be beinging to your father?"

"On't let them kill my or of new father by fall out regarding and the guestioned the bystanding soldiers in urkish.

"Tose It all, "cried Kostakes," he has escaped, and he questioned the bystanding soldiers in urkish.

"Tose It all, "cried Kostakes," he has escaped, and had a good a claim to it as the other, and that he be treated with every consideration—for your sake, dear Panayota." Here and that he be treated with every consideration—for your sake, dear Panayota. "Here and the claims of all of them were so equal that he be treated with every consideration—for your sake, dear Panayota." Here and the claims of all of them were so equal that he be treated with every consideration—for your sake, dear Panayota." Here and the same that he was proven than the other and the and sa good a claim to it as the other, and that a he be treated with every consideration—for your sake, dear Panayota." Here and the cape of his long military cloak thrown for your sake the very one of them sate distinct on the was provened the cape of his long military cloak thrown for the monolight, bearing gradefully on his sword the cape of his long military cloak thrown with a long accusing finger. "Nurself the same than the sam

made bold to ask. "You surely would not force her to join your—your baren against her consent?"

Kostakes sighed.
"Monsieur," he said, "is a poet. He will understand and sympathize with me. I love Panayota. I would make her my sole wife in honorable marriage. I desire no other woman but her. Bah!. What are other women compared to her? Is she not magnificent? I could not help loving her, even just now, when she was cursing me. It is true that I am part Greek by extraction, and that I have become a Turk. But what is religion compared with love? Panayota is all the heaven I want. I am willing to turn Greek again and have a Christian wedding, if she would take me."

"Aren't you conducting your courtship in rather a violent manner?" asked the American. "In my country your conduct would be thought, to say the least, irregular."

"Have you in English the proverb, 'All things are fair in love and war?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you see this is both love and war. I have possession of Panayota, and I mean to treat her so well that she shall love me. Not a hair of her head shall be touched until she marries me of her own free will."

"But your wives?" asked Curtis. "How many have you of them?"

"But your sives?" asked Curtis. "How many have you of them?"

"The Captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Three," he replied. "Dumpy, silly creatures. A Mohammedan has not much difficulty in get ting rid of his wives."

"Utils arose."

"If you will help me to the house," he said, "I

Curtis arose.
"If you will help me to the house," he said, "I "ill try to get a little sleep."
Kostakes sprang to his feet.
"Lean on my shoulder," he said. "So, so, ow is the leg?"
"Bad, very bad. I am really worried about.
Do I bear down on you too heavily?"

To be continued.

THE IRISH ACTOR Always a Popular Figure on the American Stage and Still in Demand.

The Irish actor or the actor who plays Irish roles for the two are sometimes separated by a generation or more, has nearly always held a place on the stage in this country and there has rarely been a time when two or three stars in that particular line were not before the public. Dion Boucleault down to Joseph Murphy, William Scanlon, Channey Olcott and Andrew Mack are all familiar names al-though Mr. Boucleauit should more properly be named among an earlier generation. Joseph Murphy has passed a long career in the profession appearing during the greater part of that time in a repertoire of only a few plays and as he has accumulated a fortune, his retirement may soon be expected. William Scanlon's career was cut short by his death and for a while,

beside in two that were wounded. After about an hour of forced marching the ratios of rich, brown, terracetta and black learn of the two terracetta and black learn. The state of rich, brown, terracetta and black learn of the winder of the property of the state of rich, brown, terracetta and black learn of the winder of the

other, so that he found himself facing the greatest puzzle he had ever faced in his life.

"But," says he, "no puzzle puzzles me long I'll very soon decide which of you will get th field. You seem to me to be three pretty lazylooking fellows, and I'll give the field to which

ever of the three of you is the laziest." "Well, at that rate," says Conal, "it's me get the field, for I'm the laziest man of the lot.' "How lazy are you?" says the Judge.

"Well," says Conal, "If I was lying in the mid dle of the road and there was a regiment o troopers coming galloping down it, I'd sooner let them ride over me than take the bother of getting up and going to one side." "Well, well," says the Judge, says he, "you

or Taig can be as lazy as that." "Oh, faith," says Donal, "I'm just every bit as lezy." "Are you?" says the Judge; "how lazy are

are a lazy man surely, and I doubt if Dona

vou?* "Well," says Donal, "if I was sitting right close to a big fire and you piled on it all the torf in a townland and all the wood in a barony, sooner than have to move. I'd sit there till the bolling marrow would run out of my bones."
"Well." says the Judge. "you're a pretty lazy man, Donal, and I doubt if Taig is as lazy as either of you."
"Indeed, then," says Taig, "I'm every bit as lazy."

"Indeed, then," says Taig, "I'm every bit as lazy."

"How can that be?" says the Judge.

"Well," says Taig, "If I was lying on the broad of my back in the middle of the floor and looking up at the rafters, and if soot drops were falling as thick as hallstones from the rafters into my open eyes, I would let them drop there for the length of the leelong day sooner than have the bother of closing the eye."

"Well," says the Judge, "that's very wonderful entirely," and says he, "I'm in as great a quandary as before, for I see you're the three laziest men that ever were known since the world begun, and which of you is the laziest it certainly beats me to sa".

"Oh, I'll tell you what I'll uo," says the Judge, "I'll give the field to the oldest man of you."

"Then," says Conal, "it's me gets the field."

"How is that," says the Judge: "how old are you?"

"Well," that old," says Conal, "thet when

"How is that," says the Judge: "how old are you?"

"Well, I'm that old," says Conal, "that when I was 21 years of age I got a shipload of awls and never lost nor broke one of them. I wore out the last of them yesterday mending my shoes."

"Well, well," says the Judge, says he, "you're surely an old man and I doubt very much that Donal and Taig can touch up to you."

"Can't I," says Donal. "Take care of that."

"Why," said the Judge, "how old are you?"

"When I was 21 years of age," says Donal.

"I got a shipload of needles and yesterday I wore out the last of them mending my clothes."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, says he, "you're two very, very old men to be sure, and I'm afraid poor Talg is out of his chance, anyhow."

anyhow."
"Take care of that," says Taig.
"Why," said the Judge, "how old are you "Take care of that," says Taig.

"Why," said the Judge, "how old are you, Taig?"

Says Taig: "When I was 21 years of age I got a shipload of razors and yesterday I had the last of them worn to a stump shaving myself."

"Well," says the Judge, says he, "I've often heard tell of old men." he says, "but anything as old as what you three are never was known since Methuselah's cat died. The life of your ages," he says, "I never heard tell of and which of you is the oldest that surely beats me to decide and I am in a quandary again."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," says the Judge, says he, "I'll give the field to whichever of you minds" the longest."

"Well, if that's it," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I mind the time when if a man tramped on a cat he used to give it a kick to console it."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, "that must be a long mind entirely and I'm afraid, Conal, you have the field."

"Not so quick," says Donal, says he, "for I mind the time when a woman wouldn't speak an ill word of her best friend."

"Well, well, w ii," says the Judge, "your memory, Donal, must certainly be a very wonderful one if you can mind that time."

"Taig," says the Judge, says he, "I'm afraid your memory can't compare with Conal and Donal's."

"Can't it," says Taig, says he, "take care of that, for I mind the time when you wouldn't

your memory can't compare with Conal and Donal's."

"Can't it," says Talg, says he, "take care of that, for I mind the time when you wouldn't find nine liars in a crowd of ten men."

"Oh, oh, oh," says the Judge, says he, "that memory of yours, Talg, must be a wonderful one." Says he: "Such memories as you three men have were never known before, and which of you has the greatest memory beats me to say."

Say.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do now," says he. "I'll give the field to whichever of you has the keenest sight."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "It's me gets the field. Because," says he, "If there was a fly perched on the top of you mountain, ten miles away, I could tell you every time he blinks." blinks."
"You have wonderful sight, Conal," says the Judge, says he, "and I'm afraid you've got the field."
"Take care," says Donal, says he, "but I've got as good. For I could tell you whether it was a mote in his eye that made him blink or not."

not."

"Ah, ha, ha," says the Judge, says he, "this is wonderful sight surely. Taig," says he, "I pity you, for you have no chance for the field now." now."
"Have I not?" says Taig. "I could tell you from here whether that fly was in good health or not by counting his heart beats.
"Well, well, well," says the Judge, says he.

or not by counting his heart beats.

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, says he,
"I'm in as great a quandary as ever. You are
three of the most wonderful men that ever I
met and no mistake."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," says he, "I'll
give the field to the supplest man of you."

"Thank you," says Conal. "Then the field is
mine."

"Why so?" says the Judge.

"Because," says Conal, says he, "if you filled
that field with hargs and put a dog into the middle of them, and then tied one of my legs upon
my back I would not let one of the hares get out."

"Then, Conal," says the Judge, says he, "I
think the field is yours."

"By the leave of your Judgeship, not yet,"
says Donal.

"Why, Donal," says the Judge, says he,
"surely you are not as supple as that?"

"Am not I?" says Donal. "Do you see that
old castle over there without a door, or window,
or roof in it, and the wind blowing in and out
through it like an iron gate?"

"I do," says the Judge. "What about that?"

"Well," says Donal, says he, "if on the stormiest day of the year you had that eastle filled
with feathers I would not let a feather be lost
or go ten yards from the eastle until I would
have caught and put it in again."

"Well, surely," says the Judge, says he, "you
are a supple man, Donal, and no mistake."

"Taig," says he, "there's no chance for you
now."

"Don't be too sure," says Taig, says he.

""

"Don't be too sure," says Taig, says he.
"Why," says the Judge, "you couldn't surely
do anything to equal those things, Taig?"
Says Taig, says he: "I can shoe the swiftest
race-horse in the land when he is galloping at

race-horse in the land when he is gailoping at his topmost speed by driving a nail every time he lifts his foot."

"Well, well, well," says the Judge, says he, "surely you are the three most wonderful men that ever I did meet. The likes of you never were known before and I suppose the likes of you will never be on earth again."

"There is only one other trial," says he, "and if this doesn't decide, I'll have to give it up. I'll give the field," says he, "to the cleverest man among you."

"and if this doesn't decide, I'll have to give it up. I'll give the field," says he, "to the cleverest man among you."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "you may as well give it to me at once.

"Why? Are you that clever, Conal?" says ther Judge, says he.

"I am that clever," says Conal, "I am that clever that I would make a skinfit suit of clothes for a man without any more measurement than to tell me the color of his hafr."

"Then, boys," says the Judge, says he, "I think the case is decided."

"Not so quick. my friend," says Donal, "not so quick."

"Why, Donal," says the Judge, says he, "you are surely not cleverer than that?"

"Am not I?" says Donal.

"Why," says the Judge, says he, "What can you do, Donal?"

"Why," says Donal. says he, "I would make a skinfit suit for a man and give me no more measurement than let me hear him cough."

"Well, well, well, says the Judge, says he, "the cleverness of you two boys beats all I ever heard of."

"Taig," says he; "poor Taig, whatever chance either of those two may have for the field,
"I.e. remembers.

REPART OF THE TABLE AND THE TA